

# THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY  
IN

CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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THE SEARCH FOR THE BURIED SACRED TREASURE.

(See article, p. 2.)

# A Leaf from a Life; Or, THE CHILD KING.

BY MRS. MAJOR STANYON.

(To our frontispiece.)

THE Kingdom of Judah was again in a terrible spiritual condition. Hezekiah, during his life and reign, had certainly accomplished a great deal of good, but after him, in succession, reigned Amon and Manasseh, who hated the things Hezekiah loved, and revelled in the evil practices and sinful idolatries of the age, hence much of the work accomplished by their predecessor was undone, and once more iniquity and idolatry were supreme. But a brighter day was dawning for Judah. Josiah in due time came to the throne, and at the very beginning of his career we are impressed with

HIS YOUTHFUL AND THOROUGH CONSECRATION.

Such a wholesome dedication of life and effort should have called forth admiration in an older and more-experienced prince, but here was Josiah a mere lad, yet despite youth and all the contrary influences about him, a bad example before him, a God-forsaking, idol-loving crowd around him, he took his stand for God and right. Only a child, yet a king. What an exalted position to fill! What serious responsibilities devolved upon him! What a testing of character! Some would have gone down beneath the regal burdens, or followed in the lead of others and excused themselves by a bad example. Some would have been initiated with its honors, and have cared only for its glitter and power, despising the spiritual needs of the common people.

Not so with Josiah. He determined that his life's influence should be for good and not evil, and laid it, with its opportunities and possibilities, upon God's altar for service. Thus we see him, the first in the kingdom, strong in a fixed purpose, and time revealed how fixed it was. He did right, he walked right, he continued right!

We read the records of many who have made a magnificent start, but who through various reasons, have turned aside, ending up with ignominious failure, but Josiah kept straight on, turning neither to the right nor to the left.

Not only did his action inspire the people of his own day and generation, but no doubt his resolution and purpose fired the spirit of the heroic Daniel who, in later years, in Babylon, "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the King's meat," and who, in the power of a fixed purpose, directed the attention of that whole region to the true God, for whom he had dared so much, and for whom he was prepared to die.

Multitudes of others since, have caught Josiah's zeal, and have as sincerely and wholeheartedly given their bodies a living sacrifice in the interests of the same Kingdom. What tongue can tell the outcome of such a consecration? Who can estimate the value of one boy and consistent life, whether found in the highest or lowliest walks of earth?

We are all familiar with the names of many who, baptized with the baptisms of Calvary and Pentecost, have shook whole countries and continents, bringing tens of thousands into the light of God's salvation.

Needless to go back to the days of Francis Assisi, Martin Luther, John Knox, George Whitfield, and John Wesley, glorious illustrations as they are, but look at our own beloved God-honored General who, with a passion for lost humanity, has stirred the world. Not until "the morning breaks and the shadows flee away" shall we know the full story of the fruits of his life-consecration. But on the golden streets of God's Paradise shall we be told the number of the blood-washed throng who have been gathered into the eternal Kingdom from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, as a result of the same!

Truly you and I are not called to fill such exalted positions, but God does expect our redeemed lives to be spent in our humbler spheres for the helping and blessing of those around us. In His strength are we doing this, or are we missing opportunities that will afterwards,

on eternity's morning, be revealed in their turn as of immortal value?

SECONDLY, WE ARE IMPRESSED BY HIS THOROUGH SERVICE AND HIS UNIQUE REWARD.

The King set his face, like a flint, against idolatry, and put forth every effort to stamp it out. His zeal must have astonished all Judah, for nothing but the destruction of the idols and altars that filled the land would satisfy him. He also desecrated them, to prevent the possibility of their re-erection.

What a lesson here for us. Josiah worked in the interests of the future as well as the present. A superficial work, which would mean but a temporary reform, would not satisfy him; he desired to benefit his people effectually and permanently.

Having removed the objects of their idolatrous worship, Josiah was anxious to renovate, without delay, the Temple for the use of religious services. The sacred building had been disgracefully neglected, and as a result was in a dreadful condition. A great number of workmen were organized under their respective overseers for its repair, the whole being under the supervision of Hilkiah, the High Priest. Whilst thus engaged, a roll of parchment was found amongst the rubbish and dirt, in which was recognized the Temple copy of the law, which had been long lost to the kingdom. It was supposed to be the very law which Moses had written at God's dictation, hence its almost priceless value. Probably other copies were still in existence, but imperfect and corrupt, and these could now be corrected by the original. Its very loss was an evidence of the abandonment of Jehovah worship, and a witness to the unconcern and neglect concerning it. Darkness was preferred to light, and the idolaters had been happier in the absence of the law. Therefore, none had searched for the missing roll. None knew its whereabouts, and evidently none cared. We have some idea of what a home must be to-day without God's Word, but can we imagine that Judah must have been without this guiding Star. Buried in a grave of wreck and ruin—lost and forgotten—yet it was to have a resurrection and take its place once more as the highest authority of the land. Again we notice that it was in the performance of duty that the treasure was discovered. In all probability, if Josiah had not carried out his convictions so faithfully, ignorance and darkness respecting the Divine will would still have prevailed until the day of Divine visitation. Thus we see that in the conscientious performance of our duty we may, in the hands of God, prove of untold help and blessing. Opportunities may sometimes come to us amidst the crowd of ordinary and every-day claims, which, if used to the best advantage, may have far-reaching issues.

NOTICE THE MARVELOUS EFFECT OF THE WORD UPON JUDAH.

Hilkiah, after duly inspecting the newly-found roll, and satisfied as to its identity, reported the good news to the King's secretary, who, in turn, immediately restored it to his royal master. In receiving it how amply must Josiah have felt himself repaid for his services.

He did not merely take it from the hands of his scribe with expressions of gratitude and joy and put it in a place of security for occasional reference and perusal. No. He caused it to be read to him, and listened with deepest attention to every word.

Within a short space of time he was brought face to face with the awful fact that the kingdom was on the very verge of judgment, owing to its gross iniquities and idolatries. Whereupon the King rent his garments (an evidence of grief and penitence) and sent out immediately a proclamation charging all Judah to come together and hear for themselves the fiery denunciations respecting them, contained in the book of Moses' law.

Then followed one of the mightiest meetings that has ever been held, and conducted by the King himself, when King led priest and people

into a covenant with Jehovah, with this result: "And all days they departed not from following the Lord, the God of their fathers."

What a dedication service that must have been. A nation as one man confessing sins, and an earthly king entering into a covenant with the King of kings and the Lord of lords. This was the effect that the Word had upon Josiah.

How thankful we should be for our Bible. We have it in our homes, our barracks, our churches. Millions of copies are spread throughout the land.

God's Word—not closed and buried in a forgotten grave, but an open book. It is no longer hid and kept from the people, but it is open to all. What blessed issues resulted from Martin Luther's discovery of that Latin copy of the Bible in the library of that monastery. But now it can be read at all times and in all places, and no man to make us afraid.

Do we give it its rightful place in our homes and hearts? Do we profit by its teachings, fulfil its commands, appropriate its promises, and heed its warnings?

Do we prove it to be "a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path"? If so, through us, others, to whom it is now a closed book and a dead letter, shall be convinced of its power and be led to forsake their idols and turn to the true and living God.

## A Glance at the Dark Side of Life.

A RECENT INCIDENT DESCRIBED BY A CADET.

Yes, it is true, even in the prosperous city of Toronto, many live in want. There are dear little children, God's little Lambs, who do not have enough bread to satisfy their hunger; and there are poor old mothers who do not have enough to keep them warm.

Reader, when you are comfortable, they suffer with cold.

Go with us as we go to a certain house in the city. We knock at the door, and we are answered by an old lady, bent with age. We make known our mission—we are hunting up the poor and needy, to tell them of a Saviour, a Saviour that can brighten the dark heart, and bring cheer to the desolate homes.

The old lady said she believed in us, but did not belong to us, and that she was a Catholic.

We kindly informed her that it did not make any difference to us whether she belonged to the Army or not, we wanted to help her.

When the poor old lady saw that we were her friends, and anxious to help her, she began to tell us her trials and sorrows.

It was, indeed, a touching story.

It seems, at one time she had a good home and family, but her husband died and left her a widow.

She had five boys, and they did nicely until death entered her home.

One after another of her boys were taken, and she was left alone, except one daughter, who was married to a man who drank heavily.

She now lives with her daughter, whose husband treats her shamefully, often ordering her out of the house.

She has four grandchildren, and the poor old lady said: "If my son-in-law puts me out one door I come in the other, because I must look after the dear children."

As she spoke about the children she caressed one of the little tots and wept bitterly.

She took us into a room to show us where she slept. Though hard to believe, nevertheless it is true, that this old woman, of about seventy years of age, passes these cold, bleak nights on a pile of rags in one corner of the room; no blankets to shield her from the cold.

We went to the nearest shop and bought some blankets, for which she was very grateful indeed.

We noticed the children eating dry crusts of bread.

Upon asking her if she had bread for the children, she said she would get some someday, and that we need not bother. However, we went to the nearest shop and procured some bread and butter. The poor old woman thanked us with tears in her eyes.—Cadet Plummer.

# THROUGH SIN'S BREAKERS

OR SAVED JUST IN TIME

by Brigadier Pickering

## CHAPTER VI.—FROM THE BREAKERS.

**A** COLD wind was blowing, and a drizzling rain made everything look cheerless. Pedestrians moved along seeking the shelter of their own homes, while the homeless huddled together, creeping into any corner that offered protection from the bitter blast, or if fortunate enough to possess a few coppers, sought the warmth and association of the brilliantly-lighted saloons, and forgot, for a little time, their miseries in the "fatal cup" that had been largely responsible for bringing them into their present condition.

Standing within the cosy confines of a cheerful looking room stood the figure of a woman, wearing a saddened expression, and bringing a temporary cloud across her sweet face as she gazed pensively out on the forbidding aspect of the weather. It was not the weather that caused the shadow—her mind wandered away to the sinning, and sinned against, creatures she loved with all the passionate fervor of her sympathetic nature. Night after night she sought them as they passed to and fro on Piccadilly, through all kinds of weather—during the midnight hours. Ah, how many a tale of sorrow had been poured into her ear by the weary prodigals, as in moments of remorse they sobbed out the awful story of ruin, woe, and down-grading that had flung them, almost lost, into the Breakers of Sin. She was the beacon-light that flashed the one ray of hope and encouragement to strike out for the harbor of purity, and her's was the hand that had hung out many a life-line to the sinking, despairing creatures, struggling hopelessly in the surges of woe.

As the shadows of the coming night deepened and one after another the electric arc lights flashed out, it seemed to bring more vividly than ever the faces and sorrowful histories of these wanderers before the mind of the slim figure standing there, and a tight pain wrung her heart, and almost unconsciously the tears fell as her yearning spirit went out in compassion to them. Was all the effort put forth in

vain? The number of girls seemed to increase rather than decrease. Nay, not in vain, for passing rapidly before her mental vision there came trooping the forms of many who were once besmeared with sin, almost damned and lost, that she had helped rescue from the rapids, with the glad light of forgiveness and peace shining from their faces, while breaking through the stillness of her reverie came the soft strains of celestial music, the silvery cadence of sweet song growing into the triumphant ring of eternal gladness, from that world where sin and woe never enter, the song of the redeemed, from many a one-time Magdalene, now washed and landed safe above the tempest of temptation, anchored at last in the haven of eternal peace.

The memories thus stirred chased the shadows momentarily from her face and replaced them with a smile of heavenly light. "Ah!" she sighed, "if I could but save Jessie, Maggie, and Lily, it would be grand—poor Lily, how fragile she looks—I must try again. Lord, help me!" and softly humming to herself the words of her favorite Army song—

"The wounds of Christ are open,  
Sinner, they were made for —"

The door-bell rang sharply, abruptly terminating her song. She hurried to the door, wondering who her visitor could be.

"Captain, will you take me in?" faintly pleaded a feeble voice. "You have often begged me to give up my evil ways, and I have said No, it was impossible; but O Captain, I am so weary, I have got to the far end now," sobbed the poor girl as she leaned against the pillar of the verandah in front of the door.

"Lily!" exclaimed the Captain, "is it you? Why, certainly, come in," and supporting the trembling girl with her arm she gladly led her into the house, lovingly placing her into a comfortable chair, while she removed Lily's hat and jacket. How white she looked. "At the far end"—yes, she looked like it. "O Thou pitying Christ," prayed Capt. Hope, "do save

her, and help me now"—as she soothingly stroked the fair hair of the weeping girl.

"O Captain, I am so tired, so lonely! I have come to you to die, but—but—I dare not die," wailed the prodigal. "Oh, if I only had—" The remainder of the sentence was lost in the convulsive sobs that shook her frame. Ah, how terribly true—"The ways of the transgressor are hard."

Meanwhile the energetic little Captain lost no time in procuring a cup of tea and some light refreshment, and while Lily sipped the tea, telephoned the doctor. The increasing palor of Lily's face alarmed her. Promptly the medical man answered the summons, not because of the expectation of a large fee—he was not an ordinary practitioner. Standing very high in his profession, he was only sought by the wealthy, whose resources could afford the luxury of consultation with the eminent Specialist—who often turned away with contempt from his wealthy patients, whose inordinate eating, drinking, and insensate following of society's fashions and customs produced so many of the ills they suffered from and expected him to cure.

The doctor had learned with great interest of the struggle made against social evils by Mrs. Booth and her devoted aides—he studied it, and daily grew to feel a keener admiration for the heroic, self-denying labors of these true evangelists of mercy, until, when the new "Home" was opened he eagerly offered his professional services gratuitously for the poor wanderers who sought shelter in the only true "Home" they had known since they left the shelter of their childhood's home—nor was he alone, the medical staff of the "Home" included several physicians who considered it not a condescension, but an honor, to devote their brilliant talents to the work of rescue.

Dr. Arlington looked very grave as his practised eye took in Lily's condition. Tenderly and kindly he spoke to the sufferer; then turning to the Captain, he whispered in a low voice, "Get her to bed at once, Captain; she is in a state of collapse."

While this was being done he paced up and down the officers' room. A stern, hard look came into his usually kind face. Who had blighted this young life—where was the inhuman fiend who had wrought such wreck and ruin? Clenching his hands as the waves of indignation swept over him, he muttered: "Thank God there is a Judgment Day!"

All anger had vanished from his face when, a few minutes later, he bent over the bed where the fainting form of Lily lay, doing all that medical skill could do to ease the pain. "Poor child," he said, turning to Captain Hope, who stood anxiously by, "she spoke truly, 'she is at the far end now'; watch her carefully and I will call again in the morning."

Long and fervently did Capt. Hope pray that night—that He who stood 'midst the roaring tempest of Galilee's Sea and cried, "Peace, be still!" would again stretch out a hand of power over the wild Breakers of Sin, and whisper to this troubled soul:

"Neither do I condemn thee, go in peace and sin no more."

(To be continued.)

## Australasian S.D. Victory.

Once more Australia has triumphed, and again its people have generously given of their substance towards the maintenance and extension of the world-wide operations of the Salvation Army.

The prospects are that the total amount raised for Self-Denial this year will reach \$107,500.

Java has raised the sum of \$2,700, a gift which is creditable to all concerned, and it is a hopeful sign that the years of sacrifice, toil, suffering, and hard work, have not been in vain—even in difficult Java.

Grace thrives by frequent meditation on portions of God's Word. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly."

Meditation feeds devotion, it endears Christ. "My meditation of Him shall be sweet."



### Canadian Cuttings.

Furious gales are endangering shipping off the coast of Newfoundland.

Educationalists in conference have recommended that the Ontario holders of Rhodes scholarships shall be between 21 and 25 years of age.

The vote for the Ontario liquor act now totals 199,630, with two returns incomplete.

A snowslide at the Molly Gibson Mine, near Nelson, B.C., carried away part of a house in which twelve miners were sleeping. Only two escaped.

The tinned beef from this country condemned in South Africa will probably form the subject of an official inquiry at Ottawa.

An exhibit of the products and manufactures of Austria is being sent through Canada.

The price of crude rubber has advanced 30 per cent. in the last six weeks.

It is reported that the International Harvester Company have purchased thirty-five acres of land adjoining their present holding in Hamilton, will double their works, and employ nine thousand hands.

Four of the five men found guilty of personation at the referendum vote were fined \$50 and costs, and given a week to pay the fine.

The first prize, \$250, for the design for the Strathcona and South Africa monument, at Montreal, was awarded to Mr. Hill, sculptor, and Mr. Maxwell, architect.

Wesley Watson, of Middleport, returned home from Detroit unexpectedly. He went to bed without seeing any of the family, and was shot dead in mistake for a burglar by his brother in the morning.

Terrible loss of life was caused by a wreck on the Grand Trunk at Wanstead, forty-five miles west of London. Twenty-eight persons are dead and thirty-four more or less injured. The Pacific express crashed into a freight train. The only passenger car destroyed was crowded with passengers, almost all of whom were killed or injured. The baggage car was telescoped into the car by the force of the collision, and ploughed its way through the seats, carrying death and injury to all within reach. The accident was caused by failure of the Watford operator to transmit orders.

General the Earl of Dundonald, is at work on a scheme for increasing the strength of Canada's defence force.

Lord Minto has received a New Year's greeting from President Roosevelt, conveying good wishes to the people of Canada.

The Winnipeg Board of Trade discussed a resolution opposing Governmental aid to the Grand Trunk or Canadian Northern Railways.

### British Briefs.

The tonnage of ships built by Belfast firms last year exceeds the highest outputs of English and Scotch firms.

More United States patents were issued to residents of England during the year than to people of any other old world land.

Hon. Mr. Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain were enthusiastically welcomed at Durban.

William Waldorf Astor gave \$250,000 to a sick children's hospital in London.

Right Rev. J. W. Festing, Bishop of St. Alban's, London, is dead.

The remains of the late Primate of all England were interred in Canterbury Cathedral.

Queen Alexandra gave a dinner to widows and orphans resident in London of those who fell in the Boer war.

The offer of a number of Boers to fight with the British forces against the Mad Mullah has been accepted.

The ceremonies in connection with the coronation durbar, at Delhi, commenced with Lord Curzon's state entry into the city.

The crew of the cruiser Charybdis, which bombarded Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, includes eighty men of the Newfoundland Naval Reserve.

As a result of a fire in a small house, in Stepney, London, Mrs. Schlessinger and her five children were burned to death.

### U. S. Siftings.

Three firemen were killed at a Brooklyn fire.

President Roosevelt has received the formal requests of Britain and Germany that he arbitrate the Venezuela difficulty.

A negro and his wife were lynched for the murder of a white man, near Greenwood, S.C.

The first attempt to lynch a negro murderer at Pittsburg, Kas., having failed, the mob cut his throat and then hanged him.

There is growing opposition in the United States to ratification of the Cuban reciprocity treaty.

In full view of passing crowds the window of a New York pawnshop was broken and \$10,000 worth of jewelry stolen.

### International items.

Advices from Ashkabad, Russian Turkestan, say that in the country around Andijan eleven villages are in ruins as a result of the recent earthquake, and that fully 6,000 houses have been destroyed in these scattered settlements. The weather is warm, and the work of rescue and succor is proceeding with better results.

The Powers have agreed to submit the Venezuelan dispute to arbitration by the Hague tribunal on certain conditions.

A dynamite bomb, filled with scrap iron, was exploded at the entrance of St. Peter's Cathedral. The doorway was damaged, but not seriously. The outrage is supposed to have been perpetrated by an anarchist.

Further details show that the defeat of the Imperial Moorish troops by the pretender's forces was most complete.

### West Indies.

We are glad to report a decisive and important victory for the Army in the Law Courts of Jamaica. With regard to it the following appears in the latest Jamaican Cry:

"In September last our comrades at Salem, an outpost attached to St. Ann's Bay, were conducting a Salvation meeting in a booth lent by a friend. The meeting was almost over when a District Constable appeared on the scene and ordered the officer in charge (Capt. Grant) to stop the proceedings, an act in itself quite illegal and unjustifiable. To our astonishment, we learned that summonses had subsequently been issued against the Captain and a number of the persons present, charging them with conducting themselves in 'an idle, noisy, and disorderly manner.'

"It appeared at first to be a case of petty spite and ill-will on the part of the police, especially as no one in the neighborhood had made complaint of any kind against us. Our hopes of winning the case in Court, however, were almost shattered when it was learned that the adjudicating Magistrate was one who had for a long time showed marked bitterness and hostility towards our work, viz., Judge Reece. He had not disguised his resolve to hinder our work, holding of meetings, etc., hence it did not come as a surprise to us to learn that, in spite of our solicitor's clear and able defence, the Judge decided against us and convicted the Salvation Army.

"It was clear to us that a serious miscarriage of justice had taken place, and confident that the conviction would not be upheld by a superior Court, we appealed against it with the happy and satisfactory result that the Magistrate's conviction had been reversed, the Court of Appeal also awarding us the costs of the action."

### Italy.

Major Peyron, a former French Judge, made a special visit to the different corps of the country. His visit was a special blessing to all. In Sestria and Spezia fifteen souls came to the penitent form. In Venice the meetings were attended by immense crowds. In Pisa and Milan he was also a source of blessing to all.

### India.

Nearly eleven thousand children attend the Day and Industrial





## Bible Readings from Jamaica.

## PETER'S PENTECOST.

Mrs. Booth, of sainted mem'ry, tells us of the false and true,  
In the books she wrote and left us, which have strengthened not a few.  
There are those who once were true men, but have done as Esau did;  
There are others round about us from whose hearts the truth seems hid.

There are some who say St. Peter was not saved when he denied,  
In the Judgment Hall, the Saviour, since he cursed, and swore, and lied;  
But the very men who say so are p'raps doing much the same,  
Only that they've ears that hear not, and have tongues no man can tame.

Peter, now, was brave, outspoken; lie, for Christ, had left his home,  
Left his fish-pots and his fishing, up and down the land to roam.

Heedless of the jeers of many, caring not what family said,  
He had set aside his notions, and had donned the garb of red;  
Yet when came the fiery trial all his boasting was no good,  
For he did not stand the testing as a soldier really should.

When they apprehended Jesus, after He had been betrayed,  
Peter, and the rest, forsook Him—his bold heart became afraid;  
But he followed (as some follow!) quite a distance in the rear—  
He who should have followed closely, and have stood so very near.

Oh, the thoughts that came before him! What would now his Master do?  
Was He, after all, but mortal? Were not His pretensions true?  
Then it was the maiden questioned, "Surely you were in that lot?"  
But he swore he knew not Jesus, and he swore that he was not!  
Three times did he thus deny Him ere the cock began to crow—  
Then he thought of what Christ told him, and he wept, and rose to go.

Oh, the wondrous love of Jesus! When the cross had borne its shame,  
And the people crucified Him—even now they do the same—  
When He burst the bands that bound Him, and arose up from the dead,  
"Mary, go and tell the others, likewise Peter," Jesus said.  
"Did He really say, 'Tell Peter'?" Simon asked with bated breath—  
And he wept for very gladness when she said, "Then are you deaf?"

Comrades, don't be hard on converts when you find them somewhat weak,  
Think of how Christ dealt with Peter ere impatiently you speak;  
Think of all the toil and trouble you yourself have been to God,  
Of the look of love He gave you when you well deserved the rod.

Simon Peter was a failure till he got his Pentecost,  
Then the fire of heaven descended, filling him to bear his cross.  
'Twas that upper-room baptism, when they met with one accord,  
(While the world was at its business) for the promise of the Lord.

What a difference! what a glory! what a change in every way!  
What a power in testifying! what conviction while they pray!  
Sinners who are "Gospel-hardened" now began to weep and fear;  
Those who said Christ could not save them, felt salvation very near.  
Preaching was no mere air-beating—for the devil surely raved

When, in one day, 'twas recorded that 3,000 souls were saved!

Oh, why is it, Christian comrades, that this power is less to-day?  
Why should not those round about us be converted in this way?  
Since God's arm was never shortened, since His love is still the same,  
We can (when we've prayed and fasted) victory through His promise claim.  
We can tarry at Jerus'lem, or can go without the camp,  
Where the nights are dark and dreary, and the roads are rough and damp;  
And, if we do not receive it, then to us belongs the blame,  
Which, alas! will be recorded, to our everlasting shame!

Comrade, tell me, have you got it? If not, wait "with one accord"  
For the Holy Ghost baptism from the presence of the Lord!  
You have got (praise God!) salvation, what about your Pentecost?  
Did you get it? Have you lost it? See to it at any cost.  
Otherwise you'll be a failure; all your energy and go  
Will not keep you from backsliding, as did Peter, long ago.

ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

## Free Christmas Dinner at Ottawa.

"I am the mother of eight children, one an infant. My husband is ill, and we are sorely in need of a good dinner; we would be pleased to receive one from the good Salvation Army."

Such was a sentence in one of the many letters received by Adj. Habkirk, when it became known that the Salvation Army would give a free dinner to the poor.

That 1902 Christmastide will long be remembered by hundreds of Ottawa goes without a shadow of contradiction. Hundreds of poor children and grown-ups crowded the barracks on Queen St. on Friday afternoon, Dec. 26th. The hour set was 4 o'clock, but long before that time the street was jammed with those anxious to get at the good things. Three long tables were set in the main hall, and these were filled several times. Altogether about three hundred were served with a good substantial meal. Some sixty baskets containing dinners were sent out Christmas Eve and morning, each having a complete meal.

"The people of the city have been kindness itself," remarked Adj. Habkirk. "They have contributed to the dinner scheme in a manner I had not expected. Everybody seemed so interested, and it has made the work in connection with it seem comparatively light. We have had the support and sympathy of the most prominent and influential people of the city, and we feel that the work of the Salvation Army will receive a great impetus thereby."

The Adjutant devised a novel scheme to catch the eye and sympathy of the general public. He secured an ordinary black iron pot, hung it on a tripod (camp style), and got permission to place it near Sapper's Bridge, a point where more people pass than any other in the city. Over it he hung a sign, "Keep the Pot Boiling," and it was kept at a pretty high temperature, for in five days about \$50 were dropped into it, which brings to mind the words of Pope—

"In faith and hope the world man disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity."

The soldiers of the corps took up the work in the proper spirit, and all worked with a will. Adj. Hicks, of the Rescue Home, also lent a hand, with her assistants, which proved the truth of the saying: "Many hands make light work."

To Mrs. Habkirk's efforts and work there must be made special mention, for the past week she has labored night and day in preparation. She made the plum-puddings, pies, and attended to the roasting, and innumerable other things which fell to her lot, and the success of the dinner is in no small measure due to her untiring efforts.—Cankarious.

## Chapters from Genesis.

## Converts of the Bracebridge Revival.

Seeing your appeal for stories under the title of "Chapters from Genesis," I cannot think of a better one than that which was the means, by the good blessing of God, of leading me from the path of sin to serve the living God. Only for the Salvation Army, I do not believe I ever would have been saved, for I was going the opposite direction when it reached me, so I owe to the S. A. a debt I shall never be able to pay.

Although only a boy then, I remember well the Army's arrival in the town of Bracebridge. It aroused a great deal of interest, which resulted in a grand and glorious revival, that has not died out, nor ever will.

My dear parents, then unconverted, began to attend the meetings, more through curiosity than anything else. The Spirit of God took hold of them in such a way that they could not resist. The meeting one Sunday afternoon tells a tale which is far-reaching in its results. My father, feeling his need of Christ, made a rush for the penitent form, kneeling beside a number of others who were already there, seeking God; a few minutes later my mother was seen kneeling by his side. So together, as the sun was sinking behind the western hills of Muskoka, they consecrate their lives to the service of God.

This touching scene aroused a desire in my heart to be good. Some time afterwards the officers announced that there would be a meeting especially for children, on Saturday afternoon. Obtaining permission from my parents, I was soon found at the barracks, anxiously waiting for the meeting to begin. It was conducted by "Happy Charlie" and "Cabbage Mike" (I do not know their proper names). At the commencement of the prayer meeting one of them asked me if I would like to be converted. I was not able to answer him on account of a big lump rising in my throat. However, he gently led me to the penitent form, where I prayed most earnestly that God would save me. They told me to claim the blessing by faith, when they found that I was a similar character as Thomas of old to deal with. I didn't know what they meant. So had to struggle with this difficulty alone until finally I got the victory.

That night I was going to a friend's for tea with my younger brother, who had been with me all day, so I carefully warned him not to say anything to them about it. "Oh," he replied, "you're ashamed of your religion already, are you?" To this I was not able to give an answer, for I felt he had hit me pretty hard.

A year later I was enrolled as a Junior, always endeavoring to attend the meetings as regularly as possible, for I loved them very much. The meeting was in full swing, on Sunday afternoon. A crowd which filled the hall was earnestly singing the verse—

"I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,  
For the terrible need I can see;  
Many dying in sin everywhere,  
My Jesus alone can set free."

As the song was being sung the thought occurred to me, "Do they all mean what they are singing?" Trying to reason this question out I concluded that they did not. Then a voice seemed to say, "Do you mean what you are singing?" To this query I was obliged to say, "No." Never did this question cease ringing in my ears until I wrote out my application and posted it. Accordingly, I was accepted, passed through the Training Home, and have been stationed since at the following corps: Faversham, Warton, Huntsville, Newmarket, Brooklin, Dovercourt, Oshawa, Yorkville, Barrie, Kinmount, Esther St., and now at Faversham again.

I shall close with my testimony: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."—Capt. Meeks.

# THE SOLDIERS' SECTION

## Evolution of the Salvation Army.

CANADA.—(Continued.)

### MEN'S SOCIAL WORK.

Even since the publication of "Darkest England" by the General, in October, '90, the world at large has been more familiar with the Social operations of the Salvation Army. Since that time the organization has made very rapid strides in dealing with the poorest and unfortunate of men. That there is need of such work, those who had a shadow of knowledge of the desperate poverty which exists more or less in all cities, will be ready to admit. You say, Tell us of a recent case. All right. Here at Toronto we take a clipping from the nearest newspaper we had at hand, and read—

"Our investigator is acquainted with a dock laborer, who has been employed at the docks all his life, and who, although a strong, steady, and sober man, has had

ONLY ONE WEEK'S WORK IN FOUR MONTHS.

"Fortunately, this man has no family to support; but there are in London thousands



of husbands and fathers who, like him, are unemployed and penniless. To describe the sufferings of the wives and children of these men is impossible: their anguish cannot even be imagined. To briefly mention a case in point.

There lives in a single room in Hackney a family of ten, the breadwinner of which is a painter who, in common with hundreds of his fellow-workmen, was paid off as soon as the chilly evenings of September and the autumnal slackness of work indicated the oncoming of winter. Unfortunately for his family, the man is, or was, a drunkard, and was, as a consequence, penniless when thrown out of employment.

"Alas! the sins of the father were visited upon the children. Everything in the room, with the exception of two bedsteads, went into pawn; the children's clothing and boots followed; and the mother went to work until the approaching birth of her eighth baby rendered her incapable of going out any longer.

"There was absolutely no bedding on the beds; every night the children slept under the scanty clothing they had worn in the daytime; and when, in the hour of her need, the poor woman sent for the Salvation Army Nurses, she and her children had just completed a four-days' subsistence on dry bread and water, which had been provided by a sympathetic but poor neighbor.

"The Nurses furnished the necessary clothing and food for the needy mother and her famishing children; nursed and fed her in her illness; and with such success that already the woman has resumed her wearisome work and worry.

"I'm the School Board officer," said a visitor

to that home last week, "why is your boy Tom and your daughter Ethel absent from school?"

"Well," replied the mother, "Tom's only jacket is in pawn, and it is too cold to go to school without. As for Ethel, she is threatened with consumption, and I can't and won't allow her to go to school without boots."

"Your husband must get boots and clothing for his children, and must send them to school," asserted the man.

"How can he?" replied the mother, "when he is out of work, and when we can't get food or pay rent?"

"The question remains unanswered."

But the conditions are not the same in Canada, you say; no they are not, to the same extent, we admit, but even in this fair land there are times when men, through misfortune, or one cause and another, need a helping hand. The Army has always been the friend of the needy, and in its Social work for men has found enough to do even in Canada. But we are traveling too fast, and dealing too exhaustively with generalities.

Social work in Canada among men did not reach very large proportions the first few years, but it certainly began in earnest in '92. Ten years saw a marked improvement, but this branch of the work has even grown more rapidly since, for there are at present no less than nine Shelters and three woodyards, with thirty-five on the Social Staff. This branch of our work is too well known to need further explanation, and as it is a duplicate of the work we have already described in Great Britain, lengthy comment is unnecessary.

(To be continued.)

## DAILY READINGS.

### SUNDAY.

"And the Lord said unto the servant, Go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled."—*St. LUKE xiv. 23.*

A Cleveland minister has left his church in order to become a street preacher. In explaining his attitude to his congregation, he is reported to have said: "People no longer go to the church. The church must go to them. Christ went out into the highways and byways and preached to the multitude. Are we, His ministers, better than the Master? I have felt for some time that my work is a failure—that all our work is. Here in Cleveland, with a population of 400,000 souls, scarcely 100,000 ever go to church, and only 25,000 of these are Protestants. We must reach the other 300,000. There is only one way—go to them. So, dear friends, I propose to go out on the streets and preach Jesus Christ. The Salvation Army has the only right idea. I shall preach twice every week upon the public square, at noontime, and I believe I shall do more good there than here in my own church."—*Christian Guardian.*

### MONDAY.

"That the trial of your faith, being more precious than gold."—*1 PETER i. 7.*

Bear temptation faithfully and it will leave you not only unscathed, but nobler. With each temptation God will also provide us, not—as the English version has it—a way, but the way of escape—the one separate escape for each separate temptation.

Distrust of self is the cause of watchfulness, trust in God is the ground of hope.

### TUESDAY.

"The sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew."—*JOHN vi. 18.*

A storm, whether on land or sea, is but an expression of a natural law. We only see what it destroys; or, we fail to remember that but for the disturbance of the atmosphere by thun-

der, lightning, rain, snow, wind, etc., the earth would become corrupt, and, therefore, unfruitful. We gain infinitely more by storms than we suffer or lose by them. Shall we say, then: "Blow, winds, blow!"

### WEDNESDAY.

"The transgression of the wicked smith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his yes."—*PSALM xxxvi. 1.*

A man, who is now a soldier, was, previous to his conversion, a very notorious sinner. About twelve years before his conversion, in a drunken fight, he called upon God to strike him blind. God answered his prayer, and for twelve years he was blind in one eye, but, when he was converted, he felt convinced that what God had done in His wrath he could undo in His pleasure, and trusting, while on his knees in a prayer-meeting, he again received his sight.

### THURSDAY.

"Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."—*MARK vi. 50.*

Often times we have been toiling day after day and week after week, our bodies tired and worn, almost discouraged from trying to accomplish something for Jesus and His cause, yet not seeing any results, we rest on our oars, and we look over the dark and troubled waves of life's struggles, suddenly a light is seen, and as it draws nearer and nearer, we begin to say to ourselves, "Is this just an imagination of my tired and over-wrought mind come to mock me, or is it Jesus walking on the waves?" Then, like Peter, we say: "If it is the Lord, bid me to come unto Thee." While our faith holds out, we, like Peter, surmount every wave, and then all at once something comes between us and Him, and we feel ourselves going down under the weight of doubt, and cry, "Lord, save me, or I perish!" while those who were afraid to even venture out on the waves hear the words, "It is I, be not afraid." We feel the strong hand of Jesus takes hold of us, and we feel His strength lift us up from the depths of doubt and discouragement, and once more we are able to walk on life's troubled waters without fear as long as we trust in our Guide and keep our hand in His.

How often are we troubled at some great difficulty which looms up in the way, and we begin to fear its being too great for us to overcome; but as it gets nearer, and we rise to tackle it, it quickly vanishes, and in its place we see the smiling face of Jesus, and hear Him say:

### FRIDAY.

"Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."—*PSALM xxxl. 24.*

A soldier who had been in several engagements in the South African campaign, speaking of the artillery, said to the writer, "Their courage was wonderful; the way they stuck to their guns when all their horses and half their men were killed, no one could believe who had not seen it." Do we stick to the Gospel gun in the same fashion?

### SATURDAY.

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."—*ACTS ii. 4.*

Don't waste time believing for a miracle when God wants you to accomplish something by your own industry.

Many people are waiting and watching for a baptism of power instead of getting their natures cleansed and refined, forgetting that strength is the child of health in the spiritual world as well as in the physical. Spiritual power works from within. God in man, through Jesus Christ, will work wonders! Powerful utterance is the Holy Spirit using man's tongue, the Spirit setting the thoughts and words on fire.

# Strait-Gate Religion:

Or, Fixin' Up er Trail for the Lord.

BY BUCKSKIN BRADY.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."—MARK 1:3.

**T**HIS is a command, and it is fer you. I suppose if you was goin to fix up a strait trail for the Lord, that the first step you'd take 'd be to secure a railroad grant from the Government. Next you'd get the best civil engineer in the country to make the survey, and then after the grant 'd been secured, the survey run, and the right-of-way staked off, you'd get a regiment or two of big three-cornered Swedes to work and move all the barns, and houses, and haystacks, and fences, and trees, and everything else that 'd hinder the work. Then you'd unload a few carloads of picks, and shovels, and log-chains, and crow-bars, and grub-hoes, and plows, and scrapers, and as many big Missouri mules as'd need ter take all the stretch out of the Swedes and operate the machinery in good shape. Then you'd find reliable men to manage the Swedes and mules, and set them all to tearing up the earth along the trail from one end to the other, throwing out all the rocks and roots, pullin down the high places, fillin in the low places, and bridgin all the canyons and big rivers, and makin things so strait, and smooth, and even that from start to finish, all along the trail, not one single bump, or knot, or rock 'd be found to catch a toe or bruise a heel, and a good horse 'd hit a top single-foot gait anywhere along the line as smooth as grandma's rocking chair, so's when the master 'd come along on his best there'd be nothin in the way of a beautiful ride.

This is what I call fixin up a trail for the Lord, and this is just what John the Baptist meant when he said, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight." Only he meant that the way of the Lord is through the human heart, and that all the tearin up, and throwin out, and pullin down, and fillin in, and levelin off's got to be done here.

The way of the Lord is no overland route, as some people try to believe; if it was their work might be more easily done.

Some men's hearts are 'bout as tough, and rough, and hard as a township of Rocky Mountains, canyons, washouts and all, and are 'bout as full of houses, and barns, and wheat-stacks, and hay-stacks, and barbed-wire fences as the best township one could find in Manitoba's famous wheat belt. In fact, there are so many things in the way, and so much work to be done in some of them in gettin one fixed up fer the Lord, that all the railroad outfits in the world couldn't even tackle one. But I've found something that can. I've found a power that can deal with any heart, no matter how rough and tough and filled with rubbish it may be; and where men, and mules, and log-chains, and scrapers, and all earthly powers fail, it knows no failure. It is divine in principle, infinite in power, instant in action, deals directly with the heart, and is the only method that can do the preparin' the way of the Lord. It is the love of God manifested through the blood of His Son, which was shed for the remission of sins, and it does all the work, and does it instantly, and does it fer eternity.

Have you had the blood applied?

Has the work been done fer you?

Has your heart been plowed, and scraped, and smoothed down, and filled in, till the Lord has a clean, clear, strait way through it from start to finish?

Have you got the "Strait Gate Religion"? And are you on the strait trail fer heaven?

I started to chase cows for a livin when I was but a lad, and I wasn't morn' six years old when I discovered the advantage of a strait trail.

One can never tell where a crooked trail 'll take um, or where it's goin to wind up. You can't depend on a crooked trail. If it don't lose you, you may lose it, and get lost at the first turn, especially if it's tight, and no stars out, or cold and stormy. But it don't matter how

dark the night or how hard the storm goes, one can follow a strait trail on, and on, till the end of time and not get lost, because there are no turns to make, and that's just the way it is with this "Strait Gate Religion." If you should get saved this minute, and keep on the strait trail fer heaven, when you come to the end of time you'll not be lost, no matter how many dark places, or storms, you've come through; you'll be right at the Beautiful Gate, with your hand at the door of your Father's house. You'll be at home.

Have you got a religion that makes all the crooked places strait, and all the mountains low? Would you like to have a religion that takes all the kinks out of the trail, and hit a bee-line for heaven?

Well, this is the kind of religion I've got. This is the only kind Christ gives. This is the "Strait Gate" kind. Jesus says: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." And this is why the gate is called strait, and the way strait and narrow, because everyone who starts for heaven must first come to Christ, and enter the narrow way through Him, and thus the way to heaven simply becomes a line down between two points, and drawn so tightly that even the devil himself cannot bend it ever so little. Just simply a straight line drawn from Christ on earth to the Father in heaven.

There's only one way to heaven to-day. There never was more than one, and there never will be more than one way—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

While at this end I, the last, may grasp your hand in friendly welcome as I lead you in to Christ, as at the other end the hand of the first may at the same time be swingin the knocker at the "Beautiful Gate"; yet, from first to last, we are so closely in touch with one another as to be all brethren. From first to last we stand shoulder to shoulder. Whichever way we stretch our hands we touch a brother or a sister, and from the one who has at this moment entered the "Strait Gate," to him whose hand is even now at the door of our Father's house, not one of us could change places with the other without feeling perfectly at home.

The thief, who first met Christ on the cross at old Calvary, heard the Master say: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," while John, who'd known Him so long was left behind to suffer and toil for many years, and yet, in a moment of time, they were both one in Christ Jesus, and in that one little moment they had changed places completely, for even while John's hand was at his Father's door the thief had passed the "Strait Gate" and entered Paradise at one stride, leaving John behind. "Many who are first shall be last, and many who are last shall be first."

Some men don't believe in this 'ere "Strait Gate Religion," and so they try to fix up a way of their own.

Christ said: "Whosoever entereth not in at the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber."

So you see, if you haven't got this "Strait Gate Religion" you're not on your way to heaven. The Master 'll be losin sheep by and by, and fer every one gone astray, the men who tried to get into the fold by climbin the corral fence 'll hear the words, "Thief!" "Robber!" "Wolf in sheep's clothing!" and then they will know that a sheep thief is the meanest man on earth, because he is the only man in the world mean enough to try and beat the Master by dressing a devil up in a saint's cloak. Are you one of them?

Christ says: "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leads to life eternal, and few there be that go in thereat."

Jacob, on his way from Beer-sheba to Haran only saw one ladder that reached from earth to heaven, but it was a strait one, and God stood above it to encourage him with beautiful promises. He told him that the very spot on which the ladder stood should be his, and while God was speaking to him angels passed up and down it to show him that it was indeed the heavenly way.

What a beautiful ladder was Jacob's! How joyfully God's voice must have sounded in his ears. "In thee, and in thy seed, shall all the

families of the earth be blessed, and behold I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whithersoever thou goest, and I will bring thee again unto this place, and I will not leave thee till I have done that which I have promised unto thee." And Jacob said: "This is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven," and Jacob vowed a vow on the spot, that if the Lord 'll keep that covenant the Lord should be his God, and as God cannot lie Jacob started for heaven that moment.

But then, you know, poor Jacob was on a hunt for a wife, and, like lots of other men on the same errand, forget for a time God's beautiful covenant and his own vow, and instead of getting the "Strait Gate Religion" he went on with his wild-goose chase, makin crooked tracks, for twenty years or so.

When Jacob got to Haran he met a man by the name of Laban, who had a very beautiful daughter, whose name was Rachel, so Jacob asked the old gentleman for the girl, and after the fashion of the day Laban offered her for sale, and he and Jacob struck a bargain, Jacob contracting to work seven years for the girl, which was all right as far as the work was concerned; but after the agreement has been annulled as per contract, poor Jacob was simple enough to let Laban get another girl off on him instead of Rachel, and to get even with him Jacob bargained a second time for seven years' service, with Rachel as wage; this was a crooked trail, and Jacob got lost.

Next Laban gave Jacob a lot of stock in shares, to be divided between the two at the end of six years.

Well, Jacob remembered the crooked trick his father-in-law'd played on him in the deal for Rachel, so he laid too to get even with the old man on the stock deal. Jacob was to get all the ring-streaked and spotted cattle, brown sheep, and spotted and speckled goats, and worked a scheme on Laban that'd put an up-to-date cow-chaser at his wits' end to beat, and which resulted in the old man's taking the small end of the herd when it came time to divvy up, which was very crooked in Jacob.

Laban made all sorts of blue faces at Jacob when he found out that he had been outdone in the stock deal, and things began to look so unpleasant that Jacob resolved to leave his father-in-law's ranch and look for a range for himself; so he packed up his household, struck his tents, and taking his family and all his stock, started east. He hadn't made many days' journey when he learned he was in his brother Esau's country. This was bad again, for he remembered how he had beat poor Esau out of his birthright and father's blessing when they were boys at home, and now Jacob thought maybe Esau 'd steal his stock, or take his life, to get even with him; and Jacob thought, too, how deceitful his life'd been all along, and how much he really deserved punishment, and what it would really mean to die at Esau's hand; and as he thought on this thing his soul was troubled, and his mind turned back to the beautiful ladder God had let down to him at Bethel, and of the beautiful promises God had made him from the top of the ladder, and he groaned to be right with God. That night an angel of God called on him, and he and the angel wrestled till morning, when Jacob made things right with God, and the angel blessed him and changed his name from Jacob (which means supplanter, or deceiver) to Israel (which means soldier of God).

Next day Jacob met Esau and made things right with him, for he'd got the "Strait Gate Religion" in his famous wrestle with God's angel, and from that night he clung to the shining ladder and kept his vow to God, and as he went on the way to heaven God talked to him, angels visited him, his way growing brighter and brighter, till his foot 'd pressed the last rung, and he'd passed into glory beyond in the full light of the perfect day.

Jacob's ladder still stands, only to-day Christ occupies the place of the rock monument which Jacob dedicated to God as a site for His Holy Temple. To-day Christ is saying to all: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh to the Father but by Me," and "Whosoever cometh I will in no wise cast out." The God of Heaven still stands above the ladder,

(Continued on page 10.)

# The War Cry.

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## The General in California.

### Grand Reception at San Francisco—One Hundred and Eighteen Souls.

(By Wire.)

The General's reception at San Francisco was another mighty triumph. Thousands of Salvationists and friends crowded the huge nave of Ferry Building, and amidst boundless enthusiasm, the Mayor hailed the General and welcomed him to the golden west. The public meetings were front-runners. General preached with point and power. Hardest hearts broken, stubborn sinners surrendered, and 118 converts joined the ranks, fell into line, and are now marching heavenward.

The Consul fought valiantly. God marvelously sustains the General. Hallelujah!

JOHN LAWLEY.

### Toronto Christmas Baskets.

By the good help of the Toronto public, the Toronto Headquarters was enabled to supply 1,500 good Christmas dinners to the most deserving poor of the city. For some time previous officers and Cadets had canvassed the city to find out the exact need, and a careful list of names was made.

Contributions in kind were but few, but the public gave well in cash, to defray the expenses.

On Christmas Eve between twenty-five and thirty Cadets and others were busily engaged in putting up groceries in bags, to cut beef into roasts, and make up the baskets which were filled according to the number in each family. Each basket contained some fowl, either a turkey, goose, or chicken, a roast of beef, a bag of plum-pudding, bags of biscuits, sugar, tea, candies, nuts, raisins, oranges, apples, butter, etc. No less than seven quarters of beef, 260 fowls, nearly 300 lbs. butter, 450 lbs. sugar, with many other boxes, bales, and barrels of various items were used up in filling the baskets, which were individually addressed and delivered by four rigs to all parts of the city.

The gratitude of the people benefited by it was delightful, several shouted a "God bless you!" after the driver away down the street. One youngster, who would have feasted on crusts otherwise, asked how he enjoyed his dinner, said: "You bet, we had a swell dinner, and some left for the next day."

### Christmas Cheer at London, Ont.

(Special.)

Great preparations had been made by our worthy P.O., Brigadier McMillan, and his assistants, Major Rawling, Staff-Capt. Goodwin, and the Locals of the London corps, to brighten the lives of as many as possible at this season of the year. Several days were spent in going around hunting up the needy, and leaving a ticket with them, which, when presented, would entitle them to a good basket of provisions, including plum-pudding, meat, sugar, tea, biscuits, butter, candies, etc., etc.

After a good deal of hustling around, in which the Brigadier and Staff-Capt. Goodwin did their share—early and late they were at it—also the sisters in making the puddings—they worked like heroes, and be it known to all that the sisters of the London corps are not afraid of work.

It had been announced that on Wednesday morning, at 10 a.m., we would commence to give baskets out, but long before that hour had arrived, a crowd of men, women, and children had gathered at the door of the building, which had been secured for this purpose, on Main St., and when the doors were thrown open, we found it almost impossible to handle the crowd who were eagerly waiting to obtain their baskets, which, when handed to them, turned to us with tears running down their cheeks, said

"Thank you for your kindness," and then hurried away to make things ready for their family to spend a happy Christmas.

All day long could be seen the needy coming with their empty baskets and going away with them filled, until over 250 baskets had been given away, with provisions enough to feed about 1,700 people.

The citizens of London were very generous in donating towards the Christmas cheer, and I am sure many were made happy, and their Christmas was made brighter by the effort put forth. Yours in the battle,—T. Coombs, Staff-Capt.

### Montreal's Christmas Treat.

By actual count, seven hundred and seventy-three children were treated to a free tea and presented with a present each, at No. 1 Montreal corps last night.

Adj. Fraser, who was directly responsible to Brigadier Turner for this part of the Christmas program, deserves great credit, as the affair is acknowledged on all sides to have been a huge success.

Now for the final act—feeding the men at the Lighthouse, on New Year's Day.

We have just received word that, between the dinners sent out by basket, given to poor children, and provided for at "Joe Beef's" for poor men, no less than 3,500 free dinners were given by the S. A. to the poor of Montreal.

### Territorial Newslets.

The Commissioner addressed a large audience of the Canadian Temperance League, on Sunday, Dec. 28th. At the conclusion of her address and appeal twelve hundred and twelve of the audience signed a pledge, by the help of God, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages.

Capt. Locke and Freeman have returned from North Sydney, C.B., where they have been erecting a building, and give a splendid account of our work in that far-easterly portion of our battlefield. "Things are booming," remarked Capt. Freeman, and Capt. Locke wore a smile as broad as a sunbeam while he gave assent to the Captain's assertion.

The next session at the Territorial Training Home commences on February 26th. All Candidates who wish to come into training should prepare to be ready by that date.

At the time of writing the large auditorium of the Temple is looking more like a fairyland than anything else, and the great Christmas dinner for children, under the personal supervision of the Commissioner, promises to eclipse anything of the kind previously undertaken for the poor in Toronto. Ensign Arnold and his assistants have worked hard and well with some most artistic decorations, and other arrangements, which do all great credit, while Ensign A. Morris and Capt. Peacock, of the Temple Juniors and Band of Love, have toiled early and late with their part of the responsibility.

A second lot of baskets for the poor were prepared, as it was impossible to turn a deaf ear to the many requests which came from the needy since the first lot of baskets were sent out.

If we so desired we could fill a few columns with the stories of poverty, even in so wealthy a city as Toronto, that came to our ears, and a description of the sights our eyes witnessed.

Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich was responsible to the Commissioner for the getting ready and distributing of the baskets, and the manner in which these Christmas gifts reached the hands of the deserving poor brought forth the highest praise from everyone. There was no waste, and no extravagant expense, but the money donated was spent for food which was taken to the homes of the most deserving, who had been previously visited by our officers.

In ten months two thousand seven hundred and seventy-five souls knelt at our penitent forms in Newfoundland.

## Editorials.

### Brigadier and Mrs. Southall.

The New Year brings with it a change of commander in the North-West Province, which, for the last three years, has been under the direction of Brigadier and Mrs. Southall, who have untiringly applied themselves to the uplifting and consolidation of the work in their Province. Their command has difficulties of a peculiar nature, which to overcome they have faithfully labored, and they leave behind the inspiration of their example to the devoted band of officers scattered over eight hundred miles of prairie.

The Brigadier gravitates, for the third time in his Army career, to the Territorial Headquarters, where he will take an appointment as Secretary for Special Efforts. The Brigadier's lengthy and varied experience in all branches and all parts of the field will eminently qualify him for this position, and we may confidently expect that he will be most successful in his new office. We heartily welcome him to the Territorial Centre.

### Major and Mrs. Burditt.

Major and Mrs. Burditt have been appointed to succeed Brigadier and Mrs. Southall in the command of the North-West Province, being their first command as Provincial Officers. We congratulate our comrades upon their promotion to such an office, and believe they will put forth their best efforts to discharge their important duties with credit. The appointment was pleasing to the many friends of Major and Mrs. Burditt in Ontario, and a though unknown to our rank and file in the North-West, they will soon find a place in their confidence and affection.

### Dedication Service at Lippincott.

(Special.)

A very interesting service was held at the Lippincott St. barracks on Sunday afternoon last, when the infant child of our esteemed comrades, Adj. and Mrs. Adams (who are Lippincott soldiers) was dedicated to God and the Army under the flag by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire. It was the parents' special desire that the Colonel should dedicate their babe, for in the days of "long since ago" the Adjutant acted in the capacity of Provincial Cashier when the Colonel had charge of the Eastern Province, and ever since that time their fellowship has been sweet.

A melting influence came over the meeting as Thomas Beverley Adams was presented to the Lord. Some were in tears. May the parents' desires and prayers for the wee lamb be fully realized. One soul came to the mercy seat at the close of the service.

Another glorious meeting was held at night, and three more rebel-hearts surrendered.—S.

Self-interest is the world's grand maxim. Self-denial the rule of Christ.



# THE GENERAL IN DENVER, COL.

IMMENSE AUDIENCES IN SPITE OF INTENSE COLD—NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN MEETINGS.

## Soldiers' Meeting at Denver.

### SATURDAY NIGHT.

I have been in larger gatherings, when the soldiers of this and other lands have congregated in stronger numbers, and when the enthusiasm of their thunder-like volleys and the Niagara chorus of their song, with the united fervor of their prayers have helped to make these councils as among the memorable experiences and inspirations of my life.

And yet the meeting in that upper room at Denver, comparatively small as it was, will never be forgotten! Several things, to me, were wonderful about it. In the first place, a snow-storm had raged all day. A sudden drop in the temperature of several degrees below zero is felt in these cities, where good, and bright, and sunny weather is the order of the day. Many of our soldiers, in common with a large proportion of the citizens of Colorado, have drifted to this centre in search of health. It was a test not altogether to be despised, therefore, as to whether they should brave the stormy elements to greet their General, or whether prudence might not suggest that they should wait and chance a more seasonable hour upon the morrow.

But through the ice and snow and driving sleet they tramped their way, some of them, we noticed, not over-well protected by friendly fur or woollen wrap from the impartial elements.

"Come, come," cried the General, taking the book from the hand of Colonel Lawley, who was giving out the opening song, "we shall never thaw the ice and snow of an unbelieving and godless world unless we put more fire and feeling into our singing, and praying, and fighting than this."

The soldiers grasped their leader's meaning, and away we went on the wings of faith and song, until, when we reached the refrain of the last verse, it seemed that the anticipation of all present was carried forward to nothing short of assurance that God was with us, and that we were going to have a good time.

The General talked—we say *talked*, because it was not so much as if he preached to the crowd, but rather as though he talked to every one of us individually and separately, and I do not think there were many there who failed to recognize this as we did. The General spoke in the might and power of the Spirit, and the very faces of those eager, listening disciples became to us as an index of His work.

To our right sat a young man. He was in uniform. His clear-cut, well-defined features marked him out somewhat from among those around him. Intensest longing seemed imprinted upon his countenance as the General dwelt upon the responsibilities of soldiers to increase their number, to charge themselves with the mission of Jesus Christ, their opportunity creating their duty to become saviours and guardians of others. A little later the strong-faced soldier told us, when kneeling weeping among a long row of seekers at the Saviour's feet, that he had once been a very desperado for God and souls in his corps, but that his zeal had flagged, his faith had been somewhat marred, by the influence of a doubtful companionship, and thus his soul had taken from the altar "a part of the price."

Far back in the hall sat some whom, I fancy, would prefer to have been over-looked. They had crept in out of desire perhaps to see whether the General looked the same as in days gone by, or it may have been out of a but partially-defined affinity with the old days. They had no uniform, and yet one could see, apart from studying the little admission ticket they held in their hands, that they were ex-soldiers; dissatisfaction marked their countenance as it must ever mark the soul and life of one who has walked the highway of holiness, and service, and victory with Jesus, and then who slips back into the Laodicean experience of the lukewarm professor or heart-backslider. But if they thought to miss the General's notice they were

certainly mistaken. In speaking to the family, he also remembered the wandering and the erring who had stepped aside from the fold.

And they did return. Nineteen walked to the front, and kneeling down with tears, confessions and trembling petitions, evidenced that broken and contrite spirit which God has said He will not despise; while the soldiers, with one accord, in that Denver upper room, laid hold in Pentecostal fervor of a double portion of that spirit which leaves the things that are behind and presses on to the greater and more precious triumphs which lie before.

### The Sunday's Battle.

Whatever difficulties may have confronted us on the General's great continental campaign, the weather, so far, has certainly not constituted an obstacle. Indeed, it has been remarkably in our favor. If, however, we lacked in a single exception to prove the rule, we certainly struck one in Denver.

For some hours previous to our landing on Saturday morning, it snowed heavily, and right through Saturday night, and all day Sunday, our faith was tested with the same sort of weather.

"Is it going to last?" we questioned, with visions of empty seats before us at the great wilderness-like Coliseum engaged for the Sunday's meetings.

Now, whether our faith "got there" or not, that the people did is a substantial fact. God was once more better to us than our fears, and we calculate that some 5,000 gathered during that single day to hear of a present and uttermost salvation, and of its marvelous fruits in the service of humanity.

It was a great day, great in influences—wonderful, hallowing, sin-revealing, God-descending influences. At times it seemed we sat together in the gloaming of time, with eternity's dawn rising upon our hearts and lives. All our thoughts, and ambitions, and actions lay open, as it were, at our feet. We found ourselves looking upon everything and measuring the value of everything, as though we had said farewell to earth, and were standing upon the threshold of that greater world beyond! Sometimes our eyes were turned backward, and we would be scanning the track of the years gone by, trying to discover how far we had been true to the revelations of God's will, and to the dictates of conscience—how far we had kept the covenants of love and faithfulness made at Christ's feet—how far we had utilized our time, and talents, and influences for His glory. Then again, the search-light would be turned within, and we would be thrilled with some such appeal as the General voiced when he said, "*People, do you think?*" So there you find them, sweeping downward to the abyss of wailing and woe. We find them singing, dancing, speculating, money-making, pleasure-seeking—on, on, on, doing anything and everything but THINKING, until, at length, not looking, they fall before they know where they are, over the chasm which carries them to ceaseless regret and never-ending despair."

"I have never done much thinking," said a fine young man to me in the prayer meeting. "What the General said was true, I try to forget. I know this matter is not settled, I know, if what the General and the rest of you say is correct, I am all wrong; I know that if what my conscience tells me is true, I am a wretched, condemned sinner. But I try to forget, and occupy myself with other things."

A few minutes later I was speaking with a young lady, a reporter, one who had seen brighter days, so far as this world's position is concerned, and one who had known something of the reality of religion.

"I would not like to say I am not a child of God," she sobbed. "I hope I am, but as for living up to the standard the General has been proclaiming—well, I would rather think no more about it. It only makes me miserable, it only condemns me. And while I appreciate

your kind intention in speaking to me, I would rather you not do so. I have made up my mind." But she wept, nevertheless.

The afternoon was, perhaps, the largest meeting of the day. The General said what he so often says, when facing the great crowd to whom it has been announced he will dwell upon the work and achievement of the Army, "I would rather preach to you the eternal Gospel of Christ than try and describe what, through the Army's instrumentality, that Gospel has accomplished." But to us who listened it seemed that his wish was gratified. Was it not from first to last a sermon, a thrilling object-lesson of the necessity and power of practical Christianity, constituting an appeal so clear, so inspiring, so forceful that it seemed to us none could turn unmoved away—a piercing battle cry, such as issued from Calvary itself, for was not the Spirit of Calvary with us, and has He not pledged Himself to be yesterday, to-day, and for ever the same unfailing source of prevailing love?

"We must go after the lost," the General cried, "we must seek them even as He who came not only to be our Saviour and ensample, but to be an example for us. We must seek them with hearts like His as He sat on Olivet's brow and wept over Jerusalem. We must seek them with an all-constraining love that will never find its satisfaction until it sees of its travail in the salvation and restoration of man."

Another time he exclaimed, "The hungry of heart, stumbling amid the fogs and bogs of unbelief, are turning to us on every hand, crying, 'Oh, if I only knew, if I only were certain of the truth of religion and of the realities of another world!' And by the aid of that Spirit which cannot fail, we have to compel men to see and feel these truths. We must make them look at heaven until they will see its fadeless glories, and want to pass in through the pearly gates to its everlasting joys. We must make them look at hell until they will seek with penitent contrition to avoid the road that leads there. We must lift their eyes to the Victim of Calvary's tree, that, thrilled by His mingled agony and love, they may fall and worship at His feet."

And then, lifting his voice, the General added, "Oh, what an opportunity is ours as servants, disciples, apostles of the living God!"

He had been upon his feet an hour and a half, but still he lingered. Never had he appeared to us more truly as a messenger charged with the realization of the magnitude and measureless importance of his message. The closing moments had come, his physical strength was exhausted, but as the General lifted his audience, in that last appeal, to heaven, praying that light might be given to each to see their post and their work, and that grace might be claimed sufficient to fill that place and to do that work, I fancy there was not one heart present that did not say, "*Amen!*"

The night meeting followed on, and again the crowds surpassed our expectations, and again the General was marvelously sustained and energized by the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. Hardly a person stirred during his long address, despite the cold which, under ordinary circumstances, would certainly have excused much restlessness. But after all, the Sunday at Denver, in our estimation, was not only a remarkable one in view of the experiences already named, but most of all, especially considering that the Army cannot command so large a force of officers and soldiers as in some centres, in the splendidly-fought-out and resultful prayer meeting. Not merely were the crowds with us, not merely were the influences precious, not merely were God's truths, by His faithful servant, our General, so convincingly proclaimed, but the precious evidences that God's word had not returned unto Him void sealed our labors and crowned our efforts, for fifty-three souls knelt at the penitent form, publicly acknowledging their need and seeking the salvation of God, besides that far greater number whom we are persuaded would carry the arrow of conviction with them, until they also sought and found the balm of Gilead in the heart of Him who still cries, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

## With the Young People.

A DAY WITH THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF AT CLAPTON, DESCRIBED BY MAJOR BAUGH.

**W**E have just had a day of wonderful blessing with the Chief and the young people of London, at the Temple, Clapton, and as the day was such a gracious time, and Canada still has a very warm place in my heart, I thought I would drop you a line once more.

Oh, how I wished some of my old Canadian comrades could have been there! While speaking with Brigadier Complin, I said:

"What would our old comrades in Canada think of such a sight as this?"

"They would think it wonderful," said the Brigadier; then added: "But they do wonder-fully over there, considering the population of Canada, as compared with England."

Come, in mind, with us, if you can, to the Congress Hall grounds. On the small platform is the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth, supported by Commissioners Rees and Estlin, Colonel's Wright, Rothwell, Mrs. Dowdie, and others. In the Temple are nearly 700 young men and women, nearly all in full uniform, ranging from 17 to 26 years of age, with Bible, large song book, note book and pencil.

Our first meeting was on Saturday from 9 to 10 p.m., so Commissioner Rees had, for most of these, to find sleeping room, in addition to housing 300 Cadets new in training.

"We had," said the Commissioner to me on Sunday, "over a thousand people slept here last night, and to provide food for to-day."

Let me add, they were well cared for. How the girls slept I cannot say, on their side of the Training Home, but the lads did well: the food was good and plenty of it.

The four meetings on Sunday were held at 7 a.m., 9.15 a.m. till 1 noon, 2.15 p.m., 6.30 p.m. It would be impossible for me to describe what the meetings were like. The Chief of the Staff was in splendid trim, and sent home the truth with every sentence. The young people were quick and wide awake to catch every point. One hundred and fifty-seven came out to consecrate their all to God, or get the victory over some besetting sin. To hear the cries of the seeking ones, and the hallelujahs of the victors, while conviction is written on many faces still, was a heavenly sight indeed. What it may mean to the homes, the workshops, the corps, the Kingdom of Heaven, and the powers of darkness, eternity alone will reveal. Just before 10 p.m. we sang, "Praise God, I'm saved: all's well."

Love to you all in Canada, from your old comrade,—Wm. Baugh, Major.

### Kept Saved in China.

Chun Li, a soldier of a Chinese corps in the United States, has just recently returned from China. He was away nearly two years and came back a blood-and-fire soldier. He wears the Army uniform, and took his guernsey back to China to show his mother and explain to her what it all meant. She thought it was very pretty. He has proved himself a real soldier for three years. This was his testimony in a meeting the other night: "I am a cook; I worked nineteen years for one family here, and never was able to leave my work soon enough to come to Chinatown early, and I never heard about Jesus before, until one summer my people went to the country, and I came to Chinatown early and saw the Army marching on the street. I stopped to listen, and I took every word to my heart. I came to the hall and got saved, and I am so happy now. I felt I was in prison for nineteen years, but now I am working in a new place, and I am so glad that Jesus has taken my sins away."

Every circumstance and situation has its peculiar temptations, therefore watch and pray.

There is some promise in your Bible exactly adapted to every trying hour.



Native Family Group, Colombo, Ceylon.

## THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF'S CONTINENTAL TOUR.

### Visits Switzerland and France.

Concerning his recent visit to the continent the Chief of the Staff writes:

"I have spent part of the past week on the Continent, having conducted officers' councils in Amsterdam, Zurich, and Berne. At the latter place I also met Brigadier, or I should say Lieut.-Colonel Read, who is in charge of our work in Italy. I have been pleased with the spirit of my comrades of all ranks, and it has been a joy to me to meet again some whom I have not seen for years, and to find them in the full vigor of faith and desperate fighting. The spirit of the Dutch gatherings was delightful, while both in Germany and in French-Switzerland I felt drawn very near to those companions in arms, and love for God and man. It is astonishing to see in how large a measure the officers of the Army are becoming one, irrespective of nationality and national prejudices. In a growing degree their purposes are the same, their interests are the same, and their affection and confidence towards each other, no matter in what part of the world they labor in, are increasing continually.

"I spent two or three hours in Paris on Saturday, on my way to London. I met one or two officers who interested me greatly, and I was especially pleased by what I saw in the Women's Hotel there, which has lately been opened. The place is admirably situated and well fitted up, and is already greatly appreciated by the women using it, most of whom, as the officer in charge told me, are living in Paris without friends or relatives. The whole place has a very homelike appearance, and, best of all, I heard with great joy from the officer in charge—herself a Salvationist of long standing—that many of the women have been truly converted to God, some of them having joined the Army as soldiers. It seems to me there is a great opening for work of this character in many continental cities. I could not help rejoicing in the wisdom which Commissioner Booth-Hellberg manifested in insisting upon the commencement of this work in Paris."

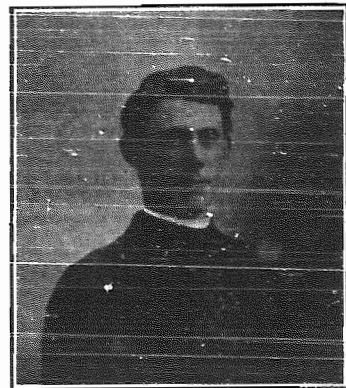
Amongst the Shelter converts recently in London there was a solicitor whose name is still on the rolls.



Army Barracks in Course of Erection at Gien, France, R.O. The S. A. Schoolhouse and Officers' Quarters seen also in the background.

## The Admiralty Appreciates the S.A.

Adj. Souter has been the happy recipient of a letter from the Admiralty, with a cheque for \$25 for services rendered to the men of H.M. Navy. This is a great encouragement, being, I believe, the first time our work among Blue-jackets of the British Navy has received official recognition. Mrs. Souter has also been cordially received in another interview with His Excellency Lord Grenfell (the Governor of Malta) upon the subject of our work here. His Excellency has been pleased to issue an order to the officers under his command to the end that they shall allow us to visit the various forts, barracks, and hospitals on the Island. The Adjutant has also received a friendly letter from the Surgeon-General (Dr. O'Farrell), promising to facilitate our work in any way he can.



Treasurer A. Cain, Canning N.S.

## Straight-Gate Religion.

(Continued from page 7.)

and is saying this moment to all who believe: "Behold, the land whercon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And in thee and in thy seed will all the nations of the earth be blessed. And behold I am with thee and I will keep thee in all the places whithersoever thou goest, and I will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee till I have done that which I have promised unto thee." "And the Spirit and the Bride say Come, and whosoever heareth let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yes, Lord, I hear, I come, I drink, I will go the shining way.

"This is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven."

"I will vow a vow to the Lord. He shall be my God."

"He it is that made us, and not we ourselves.

We are His people and the sheep of his pasture."

"We will serve Him with gladness and come before His presence with singing. I will enter into His gate with thanksgiving and into His court with praise. I will be thankful unto Him and bless His name."

"For the Lord is good, His mercy is everlasting, and His truth endureth for ever."

Will you say with me: "Yes, Lord. I hear, I believe, I come, I will never steal another sheep, I will never try the walls again, for I am going to enter in through the gate into the sheepfold."

"I must have this 'Strait Gate Religion,' I must follow in the shining way. Join the Baptist's words are my warning, I will prepare the way of the Lord."

"Christ is my Redeemer, I will come to Him. Jacob's ladder is my ladder, I will go the shining way."

"Jacob's God is my God; this day have I made a vow."

My ink has failed, I will dip my pen in Glory, and while the shining letters slip from its point I will write: "Strait Gate Religion," above your name and ask Jesus to seal it with His blood.

## NEWNESS OF LIFE

SEVEN SOULS

**THE BEST ON RECORD**

ITY SOVLS

THOU SHALT BE MURDER

VERY PATHETIC

## NO. 1 AT THE DRUM

## LARGER CROWDS

YOUR DEAREST ONE PRAYERS

"WE ALL LOVE JACK."

lections, and, best of all, two

# EIGHT SOUL

100

### AFTER FOUR YEARS' BACKSLIDING

**HOME EFFORT.**

and the

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## BEYOND SIGHT THE LORD

A DEVERARD AT THE CROSS.

a servant.—Soldier.

SEVENTEEN YEARS

## FIVE EGGS.

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Interior of S. A. Barracks at Fort Simpson, B.C.

## A BRAVE SOLDIER

Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast  
We loved thee well, but Jesus loved thee best  
Good-night! Good-night!"

## STAFF-CAPT. MANTON'S TOUR.

## Newfoundland Travels and Triumphs

Brigadier Smeeton and myself started for Pilley's Island, Exploits, and Twillingate, leaving St. John's at 5 p.m. on Thursday. Arriving at Brigadier Junction we found we had to wait nine hours, as a train was off the track. We reached Lewisport at 5 p.m. next day, expecting to catch boat for Exploits, but had to put up at a hotel, waiting for the boat that might come "sometime." The Brigadier, being very busy, decided to return to St. John's and Ensign Burry joined us at Lewisport. On Sunday afternoon we held a meeting with thirty-nine people gathered in a cottage, and in the evening the place was packed. They asked us to hold another meeting on Monday night, which we promised to do, providing the boat did not arrive. On Monday we were there still, and had another good time. The people were delighted. Six soldiers made their appearance. The boat arrived about 11 p.m. Sunday. But the men would not work on Sunday, and as there was a good deal of freight to get on board it was Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock before we left Lewisport.

On our way we put in at Exploits, Fortune Harbour, and New Bay Head. Capt. Downey came on board and accompanied us to Pilley's Island. The next place to call was Leading Tickle, then Pilley's Island.

## A DISAPPOINTED BRIDEGROOM.

On Friday evening we were met by Capt. A. Brace, the intended bridegroom, who was very solicitous to know if we had brought the intended bride with us, but took it all in good part when we handed him a letter from Brigadier Smeeton to say that he was to take the next boat on return to Charlottetown, where the bride would await his arrival.

We went to the barracks, although there was no meeting announced, and had a congregation of about forty people, who listened very attentively to the subject, "A Beggar Transformed," and gave a good collection. Wednesday night the rain poured down, but the barracks was pretty well filled. "Sixty Years Through Smiles and Tears," was my subject. The people were delighted, and gave \$9.71 collection. Adj. Sparks was with us and played his concertina.

Ensign Burry and myself took the boat on the following day, and after a very pleasant sail for about thirty miles, arrived at Exploits about 5.30 p.m. The "Virginia Lake" anchored outside, and we were sent ashore in the boat, the crew landing us opposite the officers' quarters. Capt. Bennet and Lieut. Newbury were glad to see us, and we were very soon seated down to a cup of nice tea, after which we started for our barracks. We found about sixty people present. These people are very poor at this season, but gave us \$1.20 collection. To-day a snow-storm raged, but we had a very good crowd of intelligent people, a grand time and a good collection.

## CARBONEAR.

Here we are again, off for Carbonear. After a train ride of about eight hours for eighty miles distance, arriving at 4 p.m., Adj. Gosling met us at the station, and took me for a walk of a mile, which was hard on poor me: I am getting too old for much walking.

After tea we sallied forth to the barracks, and although it was raining, the barracks was pretty well filled, 250 people being present. We had a real good time.

Wednesday was a good repetition, 320 people being present, and on Thursday 350 people were interested in what I had to say. It was grand to see the people turn out on a soaking wet day.

On Friday and Saturday the rain continued, but we had a good turnout on both nights.

On Sunday 980 people came to our meetings. There were present at our meetings for the week 2,350 people, which is 1,400 over the average. The income was four times over the average. Although only one soul came to the penitent form, yet I have reason to believe that these meetings will be productive of a great deal of good.

It was still very dark, arriving at St. John's in time and was met there again by the dear Brigadier, who is exceedingly attentive to me.

## THE "GOLDEN WEDDING."

On Friday morning, after breakfast, I went to see Staff-Capt. Ayre and his dear wife. I put my arms around his neck and gave him a good kiss. We took a walk together to the south side of the bay and went aboard the "Golden Wedding," commanded and owned by Capt. Rees, a Welshman, and a splendid Christian gentleman, whose acquaintance I made at Carbonear. His cabin was festooned with our Scripture texts and the General and Mrs. Booth's photos. He flies the Army flag at his masthead and holds Army meetings on board his vessel, and does no work except set his watch on the Sabbath Day, and holds service in his cabin. His men are hearing testimony to salvation. Is this not how it should be? Men lowered a boat and towed us over the bay.

We had some splendid meetings at No. 2 St. John's, despite the awful weather, which was unfit to turn a Newfoundland dog out into. We had 237 people over the average. The results would have been greatly in advance of what they were if there had been any kind of favorable weather. Everybody was encouraged and blessed.

## A RESCUE DRAMA.

Halifax Public Interested in the S. A. Women's Social Work.

Adj. Mrs. Payne, Matron of the Salvation Army Rescue Home and Children's Shelter at Halifax, has been working incessantly since taking charge of this institution. To bring the work before the public in various ways, and to get the people thoroughly interested in this branch of our work Mrs. Payne has been showing the people who attend the different corps the work that is being accomplished daily in our Homes in a special manner, a "Rescue Drama" in ten scenes. Wherever this meeting has been given it has always been followed by a request to repeat the same, which is very encouraging.



Adj. Mrs. Payne and Master Alex.

The privilege to address the congregations in the various churches has been readily given by the different pastors. The results have been very satisfactory indeed. In the North Baptist Church a beautiful and inspiring congregation greeted Mrs. Payne, and her little boy Alex., who takes a very prominent part in his sweet songs. A gratifying offering was given, and a number of quarterly subscribers were obtained.

In Fort Massey Church last Wednesday evening Mrs. Payne delivered a highly interesting address on the work that was being accomplished in the Halifax Home, and "How she became a Rescue Officer." As she related her sad story of bereavement so pathetically, the large congregation were moved to tears. The

interest increased as little Alex. sang sweetly while the offering was taken. Thirty-three dollars and eighty cents were realized, together with a number of quarterly subscribers, one pledging to give \$5 per month.

Among the citizens of Halifax a very deep interest is being manifested daily, and we are believing that even greater things are going to be accomplished during the coming winter.—Nettie Beckstead, Adj.



Lieut. Howard and Capt. Gibbons, in charge of Newport, N.S.

## OTTAWA REVIEW.

As the year 1902 draws to a close, a resume of the effort of twelve months may be interesting. Ottawa, as a rule, is never very demonstrative, neither is she liable to have any great revival, but in looking back a very steady growth can be discerned. The corps, while not much larger numerically, has added scores of friends to the list. During the year there have been three different sets of officers in charge. Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall finished fourteen months, and farewelled March 6th. They had a great measure of success and left the corps in a much better position by their stay. Adj. and Mrs. Bloss followed, remaining in charge until the end of October. They carried through successfully the Harvest Festival and Self-Denial efforts. On Nov. 7th Adj. and Mrs. Habbirk arrived, and their term has been a series of successes since.

Some 138 converts have been made during the year. On the roll at present are the names of ninety-two soldiers and a number of recruits.

Among the special efforts of the year was the visit of Miss Booth in February, when she spoke to immense audiences in the Orme Hall; also that of General Booth, who jammed the Russell Theatre. Brigadier Pugmire and Capt. Cruique conducted a ten-days' revival series of meetings, which was very successful, and Brigadier Turner has favored Ottawa with a number of visits, which were appreciated very much.

"With the New Year I hope to bring forward a number of schemes which will benefit our work here," said Adj. Habbirk. "I have great hopes for the work in Ottawa, and believe we will add very materially to our roll in the next few months. The corps of the District are also in good working order. Kemptville has been added to mine, and we will open Smith's Falls as soon as we can get a suitable hall."

## A HEARTY WELCOME.

We have had a visit from Adj. and Mrs. Kendall, and I am sure their old friends have been more than delighted to see them again. They conducted the meeting Christmas night, and the hall was filled with those who were sorry to part with them last March, and delighted to extend a welcome hand. Adj. and Mrs. Kendall will always find a warm welcome in Ottawa.

On being asked how he found the work in the different places visited, the Adjutant said that on the whole the work was on the up-grade; the different corps are becoming more solidified and are steadying down to permanent basis.

"How do you like your present appointment?" we asked.

"Splendidly; the only fault there is to find is that we are always going, and it is wearying," Mrs. Kendall said. "It seems to me we have lived on a trot for the past nine months; but then, you know, we are 'Salvationists.'"

They have gone to Peterboro for a few days.—Cankarius.



## Commissioner Cadman IN THE WEST INDIES.

JAMAICA abounds with interesting scenery. Here there is but little room for monotonous plains, but place is rather given to the picturesque little rises and falls which lend relief and go to make journeys, either by road or train, pleasurable. Through the centre of the Island there extends a fine range of mountains, branching with family-like relations right and left. These rise to great heights, and being so fertile with a cooler air, at such elevations, the planter has a splendid field for the cultivation of coffee, chinchona, cocoa, etc.

Hagley Gap stands at a height of about 3,000 feet above the sea level, where we have a corps under the command of Ensign Mead. A visit from the Commissioner to this place was a great event, was highly appreciated, and there is no doubt his meetings will live long with those who were able to be present. The climb up to this place was quite an exciting experience. With two mules and a horse, the trio of visitors set off in jubilant spirits for the hills. At Gordon Town we bade adieu for the time being to all the humbler (?) conditions, together with such encumbrances as trams, carts, carriages, and what not; they have no place in mountain-climbing. This journey can only be done on foot, or with the more sensible acquisition of mountain pony or mule. The tracks are narrow, occasionally not more than two or three feet, whilst for the whole distance of nineteen miles to the peak, wheel traffic has not dared to intrude. The hills around are laden with banana, orange, and similar fruit trees. On a distant summit can be seen the military town of Newcastle, forming a pretty contrast to other Jamaican townships, and particularly that of Kingston, which contents itself with being just above sea level.

### AN AWKWARD CORNER.

Our company proceeds single file up the steep, traveling along the mountain-side, occasionally taking a circuitous sweep around precipitous chasms, or following the peculiarly winding path past dangerous-looking turns, when a small feeling of concern steals over one lest a slip of the mule's foot might send one hurtling down an open gap. With due caution, however, we pass the particularly-awkward corner, feeling a sense of security has given us confidence again. To the old hands these turns might have no cause for anxiety, but to the uninitiated the looking down to a thousand feet just below the ledge upon which he rides it needs trust "fe true."

The scenes, however, are fairly enchanting, and it would be impossible to suggest landscapes to equal them. The whole thing might have been created for the picture alone, the effect is so grand. Along our zig-zag path there are myriads of ferns, such endless varieties—tree ferns, maiden hair, gold and silver leaf, etc.—they hang down the side as ideal bowers. It would be vain to attempt a description of all this, and to the reader the personality of the Commissioner can easily be imagined, as he hails the friendly natives en route to market, with his enquiries after their welfare, etc. In response the women make graceful courtesies, bowing twice or thrice, and say, "Yaas, massa, vally wai, thank you, massa," which the Commissioner follows up with words of spiritual purpose, receiving more "Thank you, massa; God bless you, good massa," etc., when they, with smiling faces, went their way down the hills, swinging their arms to a rather quick pace in spite of the heavy loads, they step out gladly, seemingly content with the thought that a good load means the more money, and after all labor is honorable. The reader can take it that it is no delicate task for the hundreds of these women to walk with loads of upwards of a hundredweight balanced on their heads no less than eighteen or twenty miles; yet this journey is done in many cases

two or three times a week, and none of them seem to raise a murmur.

### HOW "GENTLEMEN" TRAVEL.

The greater mystery to the visitor is to see sometimes the husband riding a mule with not as much as a parcel, all dressed in his Sunday best, while his wife and some children follow with heavy loads on their heads. If asked why it was thus, the good lady will reply and say that her husband is a "gentleman," and as good a one as any in the district, and he ought to ride "respectable."

We come to Hagley Gap, where the Commissioner feel the benefit of the cooler atmosphere, and for once he is comfortable in his English tunic. In this place he conducted two meetings. In the afternoon he gave a very helpful talk to the village folk, whilst at night, after a very hazardous walk of a mile down a steep hill, and clambering through mysterious foot-tracks, logs, through brushwood, etc., he succeeded in doing over a half-hour's talk in the barracks. The crowds were fairly captivated, and at the close we had the joy of pointing a penitent sinner to the Saviour. He seemed to be a good catch, being a strong stalwart man, who confessed his wrong and undue condition in a most earnest fashion. God blessed us all, and many there pressed the Commissioner to give them treats in a similar way ere he left the district.

What hills! Even the garden is all a slope, where a slip would mean calamity. The proximity of coffee, or yams, afford welcome protection in times of accident. The gradients to the new-comer are next to a problem. The Commissioner, during the early morning, essayed to go a short walk in front of the quarters, but suddenly he found he was following the example of mother earth—going round—and almost before he realized the situation he was proceeding down the hill roller-like; fortunately a friendly cavity arrested his new method of descent ere he had got up speed; and upon recovering himself he found he had received no further injury than what a clothes brush would put right. In the experience the geometrical problem of a round line seemed to be clearly proved.

### COFFEE PLANTATIONS.

Now for a peak. Before day-break we set out, having the assistance of a guide, who led the way carrying a good lantern. We soon make our way to Abbey Green, where the Commissioner becomes interested in the manufacture of coffee, going over the process and treatment of the berry from first to last. This estate and one below it, which he also was shown, are among the best in the world. The grain coming from these fetch the highest prices. The healthy-looking plants certainly are a guarantee of good properties. Here they extend over eighty acres, and being in a cooler atmosphere the planter dispenses with the shade plants that are purposely arranged for coffee in the lower neighborhoods. The shelling, drying, and sorting methods are interesting.

Another start is now made, and we scale away steeper and higher still, and at times are forced to clutch at the neck of the mule, the ascents are so much right angle. The journey of nine miles occupies us for seven hours. At last we have the unparalleled delight of looking over a scene of ninety miles, 7,500 feet above the sea level, commanding a view over mighty hills. In the distance can be seen the faint outline of Kingston, the harbor, Port Royal, etc., all rendered diminutive by the height and distance, and beyond it all, for miles away, can be seen the ceaseless ocean. What a situation, here on the highest point in Jamaica. About the paths and among the shrubs we are surprised to find the English wild strawberry, blackberry plants, fine specimens, and apparently in great numbers. Oh, the change! A few hours before we were sweltering in a tropical climate, but now we are enjoying the luxury of a refreshing cool. This delight is ours for an hour. The Commissioner's name was written on the little house erected for the benefit of visitors, so that on leaving it can be truly said in the Island of Jamaica that the name of Commissioner Cadman stands above that of any other—it is there at an elevation of 7,500 feet.

### THE VISITOR'S INFLUENCE REMAINS.

His influence, through the power of God, has also extended to the far corners, and his visit is likely to be remembered for many years after he has crossed to the Old Country.

Whilst looking around at the beautiful scenery, we noticed clouds gathering thickly round some hundreds of feet below; they became dense and hide us from all the scenes below, until we are made aware of the fact that some thousands or more feet down it is raining; so that we are actually above the rainy clouds. This position remains until we decide to return, and during this descent we gradually come to the altitude of the rain, and for the space of an hour we got the full benefit, until we were literally soaked. We pass on rapidly, leaving the strawberries, the wild begonias, fuchias, etc., all growing in rich profusion. In the neighborhood wild hog is numerous and are here often hunted. The feathered family also have their distinction, such as the blue pigeon, mountain witch, hopping dick, etc., showing that they, too, have a preference for the genial climate; but not without their enemies, however, as here the mongoose stealthily searches out their nests and is quick to catch the unwary, so much so that many of their kind have already become extinct. How like the enemy of man, who has forced his way into this wonderful creation, where we have pleasures and surroundings that might be a paradise, but the work of the evil one is apparent disfiguring, destroying, and causing many to fall as his prey down over the abyss and darkness for ever.

The Commissioner was met in a most courteous way at Hagley Gap market, where, whilst still mounted upon his steed, he gives them the benefit of his kindly words in the shape of a salvation address. Business being, for the time, suspended, the whole crowd were all attention to the story of the "Hot man."

His prayer was followed reverently, and "God bless you, good massa," came from many unaccustomed to such messages outside the stately church. The farewell was effecting. They must shake his hand and give him their good wishes. The last old lady to do this was a dear old soul who knew the sorrows of slavery. Her earnest expression of thankfulness was quite a picture as she followed the Commissioner past the crowd, and was the last to shake hands with him.

### A FUNERAL CEREMONY.

Another affecting scene was that of a funeral. Their singing reached our ears whilst about a mile distant. The remains of a young man were being interred in a garden amid the song of friendly neighbors. The ceremony, though unorthodox, was not by any means wanting in either feeling or respect. It was natural and affecting, giving one to feel that after all a burial of this character is grandly eloquent, that heaven is nearer to earth than we sometime imagine. That singing was as an echo of heavenly bliss, such as we are not likely ever to forget.

Passing from these scenes, the Commissioner was soon found among the whirl of busy life in Kingston, where just recently he has conducted Harvest Festival meetings, surprise visits to small corps, conducted meetings for soldiers, etc., and he has had the joy of seeing large numbers seeking the salvation of God at the penitent form. Thus from one scene to another his busy life has been made up; but enough for the present, perhaps more anon.—E. G.

Beware of talkative professors, they are generally dangerous characters. *Wise Christians* are "swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

Take every doctrine you hear to the Word of God, receive nothing without trial—"Prove all things."

Private prayer is your chief preservative from sin, temptation and error.

You are always welcome to call upon God. Over the throne of grace is written: "Now is the accepted time."

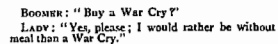
## OUR BOOMERS' HONOR ROLL

128 Hustler

EST ONTARIO PROVINCE

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

Lieut. Webber, Cornwall	2
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	2
Sec. Lalonde, Gannasque	2
Dad Duquet, Trenton	2
<b>NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.</b>	
<b>89 Hunters.</b>	
Capt. M. Whitten, St. John's I.	13
Sgt.-M. White, St. John's I.	8
Mrs. John Harris, St. John's I.	6
Lieut. Metcalf, St. John's I.	6
Lieut. Blackmore, Till Cove	6
George Earle, St. John's I.	6
S.-M. Blackmore, "Pitcy" Island	4
Capt. Bagge, St. John's I.	4
Bro. Feckham, St. John's I.	4



Lieut. Henderson, Carbowear	4
Harden, Bay Roberts	4
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank	4
Mrs. Newman, Twillingate	4
Cadet Brennan, St. John's H.	3
Capt. Oxford, Rorloo	3
Lieut. Shaw, Charlottetown	3
J. S. Bennett, St. John's H.	3
Cadet Hillier, St. John's H.	3
Mrs. Stafford, Capt. Ayro, St. John's H.	3
Sarah Manu, St. John's H.	3
J. S. M. Adey, Chaireville	3
Berg, Bath	3
Lieut. Ebsary, Harbor Grace	3
C. C. Abbott, Dotting Cove	3
Lieut. Leach, St. John's H.	3
U.C.I. James, Musgrave Cove	2
Cadet Groves, St. John's H.	2
Capt. Berg, Carleton Place	2
Sergeant Carter, Westlakeville	2
Capt. Ford, Carleton Place	2
Mrs. Capt. Montlon, Perth	2
Sergeant Asht, Carbowear	2
Capt. Hitchcock, Carbowear	2
S.H. Green, Arnold's Cove	2
Aide Ogilvie, St. John's H.	2
S.H. Richter, P.T.U., St. John's H.	2
Virnie Power, Bonaville	1
Sergeant Ash, Harbor Grace	1
Capt. Capt. S.W. Ayer	1

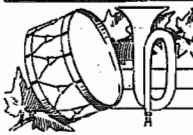
PACIFIC PROV

29 Hustlers.		
Mother Hooker, Wallace	Victory	13
Slater Wright, Victor	Victory	13
Capt. Walcott, Victor	Victory	12
Ensign Scott, Everett	Victory	11
Mrs. C. W. Wainwright	Victory	10
Capt. Gain, Billings	Victory	9
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	Victory	9
Capt. W. H. Wainwright	Victory	8
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Great Falls	Victory	8
Capt. Crego, Lewiston	Victory	7
Capt. H. C. Wainwright	Victory	7
Adjt. Stevens, Vancouver	Victory	6
Lieut. Hawkins, Great Falls	Victory	6
Cap. Chas. Wainwright	Victory	5
Adjt. Yerec, Helena	Victory	5
Lieut. Lewis, Helena	Victory	4
Cadet Manners, Victoria	Victory	4
Cadet Knudson, Helena	Victory	3
Capt. Johnson, Nainaimo	Victory	3
Sergt. Manners, Spokane	Victory	2
Cadet Rickard, Dillon	Victory	2
Cadet Brett, Nainaimo	Victory	2
Sergt. Henry, Spokane	Victory	1
Bro. Hubbard, Billings	Victory	1
Lieut. McDonald, Mt. Vernon	Victory	1
Slater W. Wainwright, Great Falls	Victory	1
Esther Glen, Vancouver	Victory	2
Slater Uren, Roseland	Victory	2

## TERRITORIAL TRAINING HOME.

14 Hustlers.	
Cadet Richardson	1
Cadet Beckenham	1
Cadet Wood	1
Cadet Skinner	1
Cadet Hurd	1
Cadet Dunlop	2
Cadet Jordan	2
Cadet Boyd	2
Cadet Ford	2
Cadet Jones	2
Cadet Winboldt	2
Cadet Austin	2
Cadet T. Smith	2





# Songs and Solos of the Week

## Baptize Me Now.

BY ADJT. PHILLIPS, JAMAICA.

Tune.—*Whiter than snow.*

Lord Jesus, I need to be baptised by Thee;  
I want now to know that I'm perfectly free,  
From all that can hinder, from every sin,  
Oh, let now Thy fulness my heart enter in.

Chorus.

Baptize me now! oh, baptize me now!  
Come, Spirit of Pentecost,  
Baptize me now!

Lord Jesus, You once spoke sweet peace to my  
soul,  
I thought in conversion my heart was made  
whole;  
But now I've discovered the cobwebs of sin,  
Oh, make a clean sweep by Thy Spirit within.

Lord, Jesus, I come with a definite aim,  
The Holy Ghost Pentecost now would I claim,  
A fool for Thy sake I would willingly be—  
You answered Elijah, so please answer me!

## He is just the Same.

B. A. E. H., NEWCASTLE, N.B.

Tune.—*Champagne Charlie.*

The power of God is just as strong,  
His love is just as great,  
As when we knelt down at the cross  
And knocked at mercy's gate.  
We praise Him for His matchless grace,  
And do His name adore,  
For He has blotted out our sins  
By His own wondrous power.

Old Chorus.—Bless His name, etc.

It is His will to break the chains  
That bind and blight thy soul;  
Why wilt thou longer stay in sin  
When He can make thee whole?  
He'll pardon all the guilty past,  
That record of despair;  
Oh, come and kneel at Jesus' feet,  
And refuge find in prayer.

If thou art weary of the load  
Of sin and shame and grief,  
Let Jesus have His way with thee,  
He'll surely give relief,  
His voice is gently calling now:  
"Oh, give thy heart to Me!  
I'll give thee peace and happiness,  
And glorious liberty."

## Come!

BY LIEUT. S. FRENCH, Nfld.

Tune.—*In the sweet by-and-by.*

There's a Saviour, poor sinner, for thee,  
If just now at His feet you will fall,  
If you'll plunge in the great crimson sea,  
You will find that there's mercy for all.

Chorus.

I believe we shall win.

You have never decided for Christ?  
Then you know not what salvation means;  
But if now you will come to the blood  
You will prove that it can make you clean.

Though sunk in the deepest of sin,  
And seeking for joy that ne'er comes;  
Will you now, through the blood, enter in  
And prepare for the great harvest home?

There's a promise, backslider, for thee,  
If you'll consecrate body and soul;  
You remember that once you were free,  
But now you are far from the goal.

Oh, return to your duty again,  
For your work is now lying undone;

Will it lie till the Great Judgment Day?  
Will you forfeit your Master's "Well  
done"?

Even now, while you're living in sin,  
You are fast drifting on to despair;  
Oh, turn while there's mercy for thee,  
And a Saviour to help thee is near.

This Spirit will not always strive,  
To show you your terrible state,  
Remember you may on Him call  
When prayers are for ever too late.

Tune.—*Father, dear father, come home.*

I walked through the streets of sin, fear,  
and shame,  
The devil he was very shy.  
He'd say, "Have some beer, and get in good  
cheer."

And tell me that I was quite dry;  
I listened to him, and entered therein,  
And called for the drinks at the cost,  
But little thought I, if I were to die,  
That surely my soul would be lost.

## The Commissioner, Miss Booth,

WILL VISIT

HAMILTON, Tuesday, January 6th—  
Poor Children's Treat.

PETERBORO, Saturday, Sunday and Mon-  
day, January 10th, 11th and 12th.

HAMILTON I., Saturday, Sunday and  
Monday, January 17th, 18th and 19th.

TEMPLE, Monday, February 2nd.—Com-  
missioning of Fifty Cadets.

The Commissioner will also Conduct  
a Series of

## UNITED SOLDIERS' MEETINGS

in the Temple on the Wednesdays,  
January 14th, 21st and 28th.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire will accompany the Commissioner  
to Peterboro and Hamilton.

Chorus.

Thank God! thank God! thank God!  
For now I am washed in His blood.

I wandered in darkness away from my God,  
No thought of the dangers to come,  
But Jesus, in mercy, looked down from above,  
And told me there still was more room;  
I looked, then, to Jesus, nailed on the cross,  
And thought of the pain He had there,  
I felt at His feet and pardon received,  
And now I am fighting for Him.

Thank God I am saved, and out in the field,  
Fighting for Jesus, my King.  
Old Frank is now here, and is of good cheer,  
The salvation tidings to bring.  
The Sword of the Spirit with strong faith we  
wield,

And try the old devil to beat,  
And now I am fighting for God and the right,  
I'm bound on the level to keep.

## On Yonder Tree.

Tune.—*He lives* (B.B. 313).

Behold the Man on yonder tree!  
Oh, what can His transgression be,  
Such punishment to bring?  
A felon hangs on either side,  
They for their sins are crucified,  
But, oh, why suffers He?

Chorus.

He suffered there for me,  
He suffered there for me,  
From punishment to set me free.  
(Repeat.)

Oh, sinner, 'tis for you and me  
He bears this anguish on the tree!  
Our sins on Him are laid.  
Though pure, He gladly bears our guilt,  
For us that crimson blood is spilt,  
His sacrifice is made.

Though in the grave securely sealed,  
Earth's strongest powers to Jesus yield,  
His touch the stone drives back.  
And Easter breaks with holy joy,  
While life, that nothing can destroy,  
Is scattered on His track.

Last Chorus.

He lives, I know He lives,  
He lives, I know He lives,  
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Tune.—*Old rustic bridge by the mill.*

Have the groans of my Lord ever reached  
your hard heart?  
Has the cross ever come to your view?  
Has the weight of your sins caused the tear-  
drops to start?  
Have you cried: "O Lord, what must I do?"

Chorus.

There is pardon for all who forsake their sin,  
There is cleansing for all who obey;  
Count the cost, pay the price, leave the future  
with Him,  
And follow the Saviour to-day.

Things of time have no weight, things of earth  
have no charm,  
For the soul who with constancy bears  
With the Saviour His cross, counting all else  
as dross,  
While he moves the Lord's arm by his pray-  
ers.

If still with unsanctified heart you go on,  
And stain all your record with sin;  
Forever dismayed, in the balances weighed,  
Unholy, you cannot go in.

Come, wash with me now in Immanuel's blood.  
And rise to a life that's divine;  
An indwelling Spirit will witness of God,  
Then here and hereafter you'll shine.

## A Backslider's Experience.

BY LIEUT. CECIL F. SEAMAN, NARRADRI, N.S.W.

Tune.—*Behold Me standing at the door.*

I've wandered far from Jesus' fold,  
Upon sin's barren mountains cold;  
My soul was cleansed from every stain,  
May I return to Christ again?

Chorus.

Yes, if I now return to Him,  
He'll freely pardon every sin;  
And give me peace and joy complete,  
If I cast all at His blessed feet.

I often think of bygone days,  
When o'er my path there shone the rays  
Of God's sweet love—yes, love so dear—  
Without a thought of doubt or fear.

I'll come a prodigal once more,  
And knock at mercy's open door;  
Now, Christ, I come with all my sin,  
Oh, take me in—oh, take me in!

I'm bringing all once more to Thee,  
From sin this moment I will flee,  
And once more claim Thy perfect peace,  
Thou wilt release—Thou wilt release.